

A very proper dittie: to the tune of Lightie loue.

Cleane Lightie loue Ladies, for feare of yll name:
And True loue embrace ye, to purchase your fame.



By force I am fered my fance to loose,
Ingratitude willet me not to refrain:
Then blame me not Ladies although I indite
What lightie loue hath amongst you both raigne:
Your traces in places, w outward allurementes
Doth none my endeour to be the moze playne:
Your nicynge and flatteryng, with sundrie procurementes
To publish your lightie loue doth me contrayne.

Deceite is not daintie, it coms at eche dych,
Fraude goes a fishyng with frendly looks,
Thronghe friendship is spoiled the seely poze fish,
That honer and honour vpon your false hokes,
With baight, you say waight, to catch here and there,
Whiche causeth poze fishes their freedom to lose:
Then loue ye, and floute ye, wher by both appere,
Your lightie loue Ladies, still cloaked with glofe.

With DIAN so chaste, you seme to compare,
When HELLENS you be, and hang on her trayne:
He thinks faithfull whilbes, he now verie rare,
Got one, CLEOPATRA, I doubt doth remayne:
You wincke, and you twyncke, till Cupid haue caught,
And forerth throug flames your louers to sue:
Your lightie loue Ladies, to here they haue bought,
When nothyng wyll moue you, their causes to sue.

I speake not for spite, ne do I dispayne,
Your beautie saye Ladies, in any respect:
But ones Ingratitude doth me contrayne,
As childe hurt with fire, the same to neglect:
For prouyng in louyng, I finde by good trall,
When Beautie hath brought me vnto her becker:
She flaying, not waying, but made a denall,
And thewng her lightie loue, gaue me the checks.

Thus fraude for friendship, did lodge in her brest,
Suche are most women, that when they espye,
Their louers inflamed with sozowes apprest,
They stande then with Cupid against their replie:
They taunte, and they baunte, they smile when they be low,
How Cupid had caught them vnder his trayne,
But warned, discerned, the poze is most true,
That lightie loue Ladies, amongst you both reigne.

It seems by your doynge, that Cressed both scold ye,
Penelope's vertues are cleane out of thought:
He thinks by your constanthe, he lepe doth rule ye,
Whiche, both Grace and Troy, to rayne hath brought:
No doubt, to tell out, your manyfolde dystes,
Could shew you as constant, as is the sea sandet:
To truste to vniust, that all is but thestes,
With lightie loue bearyng your louers in hande.

It ARGVS were luyng, whose eyes were in number:
The Peacockes plume painted, as Mistrers replie,
Yet women by wiles, full soze would him number,
For all his quicke eyes, their dystes to riple:
Suche seates, with disceats, they dayly frequent,
To conque mennes mindes, their hamours to fede,
What boundly I may geue Arbitrement:
Of this your lightie loue, Ladies in dede.

The men that are subiect to Cupid his stroke,
And therein seemeth to haue your delight:
Thinke when you see baight, theres hidden a hoke,
Whiche sure wyll hane you, if that you do bight:
Suche wiles, and suche guiles, by women are brought
That halfe their mischeces, men cannot preuent,
When they are most pleasant, vnto your thought,
Then nothyng but lightie loue, is their intent.

Consider that popson doth lurke oftentyme
In shape of sugre, to put some to payne:
And saye wordes paynted, as Dames can define,
The olde proverbe saith, doth make some soles saine:
Be wile and precise, take warning by me,
Trust not the Crocodile, least you do rue:
To womens faire wordes, do neuer agre:
For all is but lightie loue, this is most true.

CANEXES so daintie, example may be,
Whose lightie loue caused yong IPHIS his we,
His trueloue was tryed by death, as you see,
Her lightie loue forced the knight therunto:
For shame then refrayne, you Ladies therfore,
The Cloudes they do vanish, and light doth appere:
You can not dissemble, no; hide it no moze,
Your loue is but lightie loue, this is most cleare.

For Troilus tried the same ouer well,
In louyng his Ladie, as Fame doth reposte:
And likewise Menander, as Stoixes doth tell,
Who swam the salt seas, to his loue, to resorte:
So true, that I rue, such louers should lose
Their labour in seekyng their Ladies vnkinde:
Whose loue, thei did proue, as the proverbe now goes
Euen very lightie loue, lodge in their minde.

I touche no suche Ladies, as true loue embrace,
But suche as to lightie loue dayly applie:
And none wyll be grieved, in this kinde of case,
Haue suche as are minded, true loue to denie:
Yet frendly and kindly, I shew you my minde,
Saye Ladies I wish you, to be it no moze,
But say what you list, thus I haue define,
That lightie loue Ladies, you ought to abhoze.

To trust womens wordes, in any respect,
The danger by me right well it is seene:
And Loue and his Lawes, who would not neglect,
The tryall wherof, most peryllous beane:
Pretendyng, the endyng, if I haue offended,
I craue of you Ladies an Answer againe:
Amende, and whats said, shall sone be amended,
If case that your lightie loue, no longer do rayne.

FINIS. By Leonarde Cybson.

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of Fleetlane, by Richard Iones: and are to
be solde at his shop ioyning to the South
west Doze of Saint Pauls Church.

A. B.



An Epitaph on the death of the vertuous Ma-
trone, the Ladie Maioreffe, late wyfe to the right Honorable
Lorde, (Alexander Auenet) Lord Maior of the Citie of London.
Who deceased the vii. Date of July. 1570.



Heepe not e ye Muses nyne, powze out your Roates of moer:
Hide me y pitious pearcing plaints, the let of her to mee.
Whose Vertues (mauante Death) shal lyne and last for aye:
As flyng faine in Golden Triump, doth cherefully display.
Ye Ladyes leaue your sportes: your Pastymes set asyde
To weepe this Ladies fatall fine: Cundiectes of streames
Cast off your costly Silkes: your Jewelles nowe forsake: (prouide.
To decke your selues in mournynge Weedes, now poastynge haste do make:
Helpe now ye saythfull Wyues, to wayle this saythfull Wyfe:
Whose flowynge Vertues were not hyd, whyle she enjoyed lyfe,
As well to frende as foe, her Curtisie was knowne:
But now the Goddes haue thought it good, to clayme agayne their owne.
LVCINA hath forgot her Chardge, the fatall fates haue don:
CLOTHO hath leit the Roke of lyfe: and LACHA long hath spon.
These werie of their wonted toyle, at mightie IOVES Decree:
To whom the Heauens, the Earth and Sea: and all thynges Subiect bee.
The Sister dire, fearch ATROPOS, with schoptchyng cuttyngge knyfe,
Hath shred the Theede that longe dyd holde, this Godly Ladies lyfe.
Whose losse deare Daines bewaile: and weepe with many a teare:
For you shal misse a Matrone graue, in daunger you to cheare.
Whose Counsell in their neede, her Neighbour could not want:
Her helpe vnto the Comforylle, could neuer yet bee scant.
Vnto the poore opprest, with Sickenesse, grieve and payne:
To minister and giue reliefe: her Hart was euer fayne.
The Poore haue lost a Nur'e, to helpe their nedie state:
The Ritche shal want a perfecte frende: as they can well relate.
Thus Ritche and Poore shal want, her Aide at euerie neede,
For both Estates in daunger deepe: she laboured to feede.
The Ritche with Counsell sweete, to chearish styl she thought:
The Poore by Almes and lyberall Giffes: to tender longe she sought.
But who shal haue the greatest losse: I knowe is not vnknewen,
Her best beloued: the Wight whom shee, accompted for her owne.
The Lorde MAIOR whiche nowe doth rule: in LONDON noble Citie:
Shal want her sight, (the greater grieve, to misse a Mate so wittie
A Phenix rare, a Turtell true, so constant in her loue:
That Nature nedes must shoue her force, her Husbandes Teares to moue
Who for the losse of suche a Wyfe: can sobbyng Sighes refrayne:
In whom so many Vertues dyd, continue and remaine.
You Damselles deare Domesticall, whiche in her House abyde:
Haue cause to wayle, for you haue lost a good and godly Guide.
Whose Lenytie and gentell Hart, you all haue knowen and felt:
For vnto you in Courteous softe, her Giffes she euer dealt.
You Officers that dayly serue, her Lorde at euerie neede:
Can testifie that you haue lost, a Ladie kynde in deede.
So gentell, graue, demure and wise: as ye your selues expresse:
That nedes ye must gush forth your Teares: and weepe with bytternesse
In tyne, both Ritche and Poore, haue iust cause giuen to wayle:
The Ritche in Counsell lacke a frende, the Poore their Comfort fayle.
The Troupe of inayred Daines, whiche shal her Vertues knowe:
Haue offered cause, in bytter Teares, some tyne for to bestowe.
But sith it is the Goddes Decree, to whom all flesh must bende:
To take this Ladie from the earth, and bringe her dayes to ende.
Who can withholde that they wyll haue: who dare their wyll withstande:
To bayne it were for mortall men, the cause to take in hande
Her Vertues were so great, that they haue thought it meete:
To take from hence vnto the Heauens, her Christall Soule so sweete.
Whiche now inclosed is, with Angelles rownde aboute:
Suche hoape we haue, no other cause, is giuen vs for to doubt.
Her Corps shal shrowde in Claye, the Earth her right doth craue:
This Ladie yeldes her Parent too: her Tombe, her Cell and Graue.
From whence, no kyng nor Keyfar can, nor Ruler bearynge sway:
For all their force and Puissaunce, once starte or go awaye.
All fleshe shal haue an ende: as Goddes do graunt and wyll:
And reape rewarde as they deserue, hap good, or hap it yll.
But thoughe that Death haue done his worst, this Dame to take awaye:
In spite of Death, her Vertues shal endure and last for aye.
I farewell (O Ladye deare) the Heauens haue chosen thee
Receyue this VALE, I haue done: thou gettest no more of mee.

Post Funera viuunt virtus.

Quoth John Phillip.

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